

THE ROMANCE OF A SUBMERGED CITY.

The Sunken Port Royal, Under the Waves Over 200 Years—An Awful Day of Judgment on the Island of Jamaica.

(To our frontispiece.)

IN the beautiful harbor of Kingston, Jamaica, a few fathoms beneath the level of the ship-sheds, the sunken dry of Port Royal, a red-flame swings and rocks in the moonlight. It marks the spot where the old city's cathedral was submerged, and where the spire still reaches nearly up to the surface. How little is known of the mysterious city beneath the waves of Kingston harbor.

The traveler who visits the capital of Jamaica should pray for clear weather, without wind. When the water of the harbor is ruffled by breezes the hidden city is obscured from view. But on a cloudless, still day, when the surface of the sea is perfectly smooth, the ruins of the phantom city may be plainly seen in the depths of the transparent water.

As One Sees Things.

The spire of the old cathedral is the most prominent object in the clear water. You can see the insides, in sky swimming in and out among the ruined turrets, more suggestive of oaks and bats than of the inhabitants of the sea. Occasionally glimpses can be had of the ruins of other buildings—buildings which for more than two centuries have kept their ghastly secrets, and will keep them until the end of time.

Down there in that peaceful depth, lie the bones of three thousand men, women, and children carried down into the sea with their houses on that awful June day in 1692. An earthquake, suddenly, and without warning, smote the prodigal city of Port Royal, which slid into the sea. The waters opened and swallowed it up, and there beneath the silent waves was hidden the wickedness and debauchery of a community described by historians as being almost without parallel.

The survivors said it was the vengeance of God, and likened it to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. And in very truth the history of the city seems to show the uncrossing wrath of Divine power. From the richest city of its time, it has dwindled to insignificance, until now it is a most wretched place, used only as a naval station. Disaster after disaster has overtaken it. After the earthquake the town was re-built, only to be completely destroyed by fire in 1703. On August 22nd, 1722, it was swept into the sea by a hurricane. It was once more reconstructed, but again, in 1815, it was reduced to ashes, and as recently as 1880 it was visited by another hurricane. Every disaster was attended by great loss of life.

City of Port Royal.

The city of Port Royal was originally built upon a narrow strip of land extending out into the sea, which accounts for its strange disappearance at the time of the earthquake. Like the house of the foolish man of Biblical fame, which was builded upon the sand, it literally slid into the water when the earthquake struck came.

Previous to that fatal seventh day of June, 1692, Port Royal had been known as "the finest town in the West Indies and the richest spot in the world." It was, as it now is, a British colony, but there was little either in its government or in its customs or British morality. We are told that "it was a place of luxurious debauchery; that in their excesses the colonists rivalled the profligates of ancient Rome. Encouraging and phony were recognized industries. The treasures of Spain were legitimate prey. The riches of Mexico and Peru were levied upon, and the people of Jamaica were literally rolling in wealth and splendor. Vice and debauchery held sway. Bacchanalian revels which might put to shame the dwellers in the Orient were of nightly occurrence. There was absolutely no virtue.

And like the crack of doom came the earthquake. The thunder of the elements sounded in the ears of the heedless revellers.

The Earth Opened.

The earth opened in great fissures and closed again like the jaws of a



The Man with the Light.

A TRANSCRIPTION OF, AND ANSWER TO, "THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

BOWED by the sins of centuries, He hangs
Upon the Cross, and saves a ruined world.
The agony of death upon His face,
And on His heart the burden of the race.
Placed there by human hands, and love supreme,
Human; divine; link between earth and heaven;
Behold the Man! Redeemer to the shape!
A Man of Sorrows. One Who knows to hope,
Kingly yet humble; Brother to the man,
Who fashioned and sent down this glorious frame?
Whose was the hand that formed this noble brow?
Whose breath made luminous this wondrous brain?

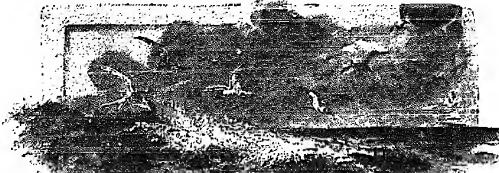
This is the ONE the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To build the stars and give the heavens their power,
To feel the passion of eternity.

This is the dream He dreamed Who built the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light
Up all the heights of heaven to its great throne
There is no life more beautiful than this,
More filled with hope and mercy for the soul,
More fraught with power to save the universe,
No gulf between Him and "the least of these,"
Son of the God of Heaven, He can feel
Plato profound, and swing of Pleiades,
Span the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose
Speak to all His and Him His Father's hand.

To this bowed form the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy an anguished Calvary shook;
Through this God-Man humanity, redeemed,
Restored, regenerate, returned to God,
Cries mercy to the Judge of all the World,
A mercy that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Send forth the living messengers of God,
That ready stand, with Bibles under arm,
To save that monstrous thing your work hath wrought,
Christ ever waits to straighten up that shape,
Give back the upward-looking and the light,
Rebuild in it the music and the dream,
Touch it again with immortality,
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immeasurable woes.
O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Send, lest the future reckon with that man.
Answer, O Christ, his question with Thyself.
Change it, we pray Thee, to a song of praise,
Lest whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world;
Lest it go hard with kingdoms and with kings,
With those who shaped him to the thing he is,
If that dumb terror should reply to God
After the silence of the centuries.

D. H. S.



mighty trap. And in closing it gripped many of its victims in the middle, leaving their hands above ground. Then came the awful sliding, grinding noise as the city, built upon its foundation of sand, sank into the caressing embrace of the sea, which for ever closed upon its wickedness, and will for ever keep its dread secrets. The shock came close on to mid-day. The air was hot and sultry. The sky was without a cloud. A great stillness seemed to hover over the city, and then, without warning, the earth trembled. Men and women left their houses and ran into the streets, only to meet death in the bosoms of the earth in the hidden recesses of the sea. In his "Annals of Jamaica" published in 1828, the Rev. George Wilson Bridges quotes from a letter written by one of the survivors, a rector, two or three days after the disaster, which is, in part, as follows:

One of the Survivors.

"After I had been at church reading, which I did every day since I was rector of the place, to keep up some show of religion, and was gone to a place hard by the church where the President of the Council was, who came into my company and engaged me to take a glass of wormwood wine as a whet before dinner, he being my very good friend, I stayed with him, upon which he lighted a pipe of tobacco, which he was pretty long in taking, and not being willing to leave him before it was out, this determined me from going to dinner to one Captain Roden's, whither I was invited, whose house upon the first occasion sank into the earth, and then into the sea, with his wife and family, and some that were come to dine with him. And I been there, I had been lost. But to return to the President and his pipe of tobacco; before this was out I found the ground rolling and moving under my feet, upon which I said unto him, 'Lord, sir, what is that?' He replied, 'Nothing, very grave man, it is an earthquake. Be not afraid; it will soon be over.'

Despite the President's assurance he disappeared and was never heard of again. Continuing, the rector writes:

"I made towards Morgan's Fort, because I thought to be there securest from falling houses, but as I was going I saw the earth open and swallow up a multitude of people, and the sea mounting in upon them over the fortifications. Moreover, the large and famous burying-ground was destroyed, and the sea washed away the carcases. The harbor was covered with dead bodies, floating up and down."

History Repeats Itself.

The incident described above is by no means so isolated a one as a superficial observer would imagine. Earthquakes, floods, storms, cyclones, eruptions, plagues and wars have, from time immemorial, stricken individuals, cities, and nations when least expected. God will not be mocked. His long-suffering is great, but not unlimited. When the resources of His grace have exhausted themselves in invitations, then justice seizes the blow. The sins of man will devour him, if not forgiven. Sins against health will be punished by disease; sins of the soul will rebound upon it in fearful retribution, and nation after nation, which rises through righteousness, justice, and mercy, to power and influence, have been dashed to pieces on the rocks of pride, presumption and indulgence. God laughs at the calamity of a defiant people, and His decrees cannot be evaded.

Let us earnestly live such consistent lives of rectitude and faith that the community in which we live may be seasoned by our lives even as salt seasons and preserves.

You do not sweeten your mouth by saying honey. You do not grow virtuous by talking of virtue.—Ivan Panin.

Unsuccessful seeker after holiness, look within for the hindrance. It may be that small idol—so small as to almost need a microscope to see it—that indulgence which was against your highest spirituality; that doubtful gratification; that slight omission of which conscience once spoke clearly, but now with lessening emphasis. Appear before God with perfect willingness to do His will, and truth will spring up spontaneously in your heart.

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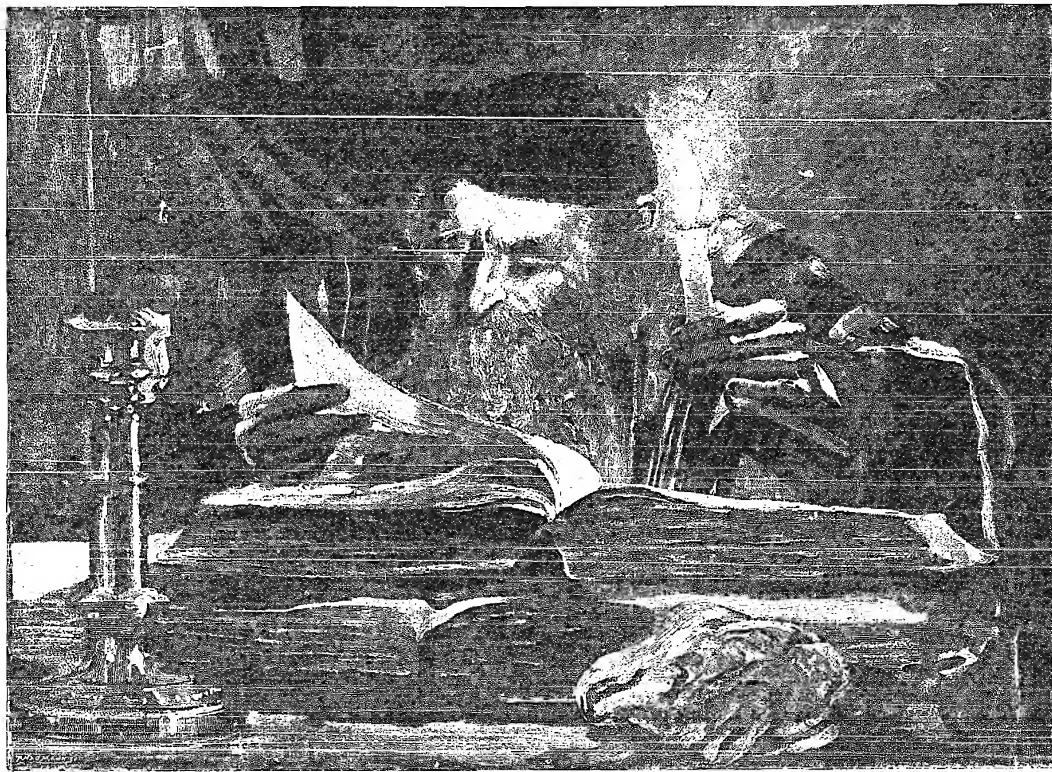
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SEARCHING AS FOR HID TREASURE.

THE VOICE OF WISDOM.

My son, if thou wilt receive My words,
And hide My commandments with thee;
So that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom,
And apply thine heart to understanding;
Yea, if thou cleavest after knowledge,
And liftest up thy voice for understanding;
If then seekest her as silver,
And searchest for her as for hid treasures;
THEN SHALT THOU UNDERSTAND the fear of the Lord,
And find the knowledge of God.
For the Lord giveth wisdom:



II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER IV.

HABITS AND GOVERNMENT UNDER THE CONSULS.

At the end of the Kingdom of Rome the government of the city was, as has been stated, in the hands of two executives chosen yearly by the people and called Consuls. They were limited in their power by the Senate, a council of Patricians (nobles), chosen by the Patricians from among their number, and also including all who had been Consuls.

The Plebeians (common people) succeeded. In time, not to be shut out, The richest of them formed a body, called the Knights, who had horses like the Patricians. Under Servius Tullius also the city was divided into six tribes, in charge of a tribune, to watch over it and bring up his men to war. Further, every five years the people were numbered and divided into centuries (hundreds), each of which chose a person, who voted in

questions of peace and war. Nevertheless, the Patricians had always the greatest majorly in these meetings (comitia).

The Consuls were always attended by two lictors, who carried bundles of rods tied around an axe—the fist to scourge offenders, the latter to beat dead criminals. Two judges tried offenders; two quæstors attended public buildings, and two censors numbered and registered the people.

The priests were also chosen from among the patricians. As a whole, the Romans were very religious and grave, according to their notions of religion and duty.

Only free-born Romans were allowed to wear a toga, which was a long white woolen garment, with purple border. Rays were a short time until the age of seventeen, when they became of age and received their toga, as well as an individual name.

As a rule the Romans were not rich. They had their own farms, which they cultivated with the aid of their sons and slaves. The Plebeians leased their land from the Patricians, also owned many slaves in Rome.

Marriages were celebrated with a sacrifice, and by the giving of a ring. The bride was then led over the bridegroom's threshold, where a sheepskin was spread, to signify that she should spin the garments for her husband and family.

Each man was absolute master of his own house, and held the life and death of his adult sons in his hands.

The Romans were not only brave, but also perfectly obedient to their fathers, their officers, their magistrates, and their gods (as the priests interpreted them) and hence came their greatness as a nation.

(To be continued.)

Bitter Words.

It is not only acts and deeds that retain their life and force and power; it is words also.

Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead; But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.

Few things trouble and poison the springs of charity and good fellowship like bitter, harsh, unjust, provocative words. An additional illustration is the sulfurous spark from the tinder. It seems sometimes as if the blunt virtue in public life will be the sharp virtue of a civil tongue. An admirable story is told of a peasant who came once to his old monks and asked to be taught one of the Psalms. The monk chose for him the Psalm which begins, "I will take heed to my ways that I offend not with my tongue." Having heard that verse the peasant rose up and went away, saying that before he went any further he would try and practice it. But the story concludes he never came back again, never having

succeeded in living up to the first verse. "I will take heed to my ways that I offend not with my tongue." It will be exceeded matter for statesmen, politicians, journalists, ministers of religion; may it there be a class among us that has not reason to remember that after thoughtless, unkind, or unjust speech we look for healing, but behold dismay?—Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.A.

Seeming Contradictions.

Human action does not always evide its purpose—much less does God's. The man who is going to rear a lofty edifice begins by digging into the earth. Descent is the first essential of the firm and enduring ascent. So God seems to us, in our shortness of sight and lack of information, often to move in a direction contrariwise to His supposed purpose. He wants His cause to go forward, and He forthwith takes away its leading supports. To him who believes in the all-wise and infinite benevolence of God, these seemingly inexplicable dispositions ought to be the best evidence that they are distinct purpose in it. If the explanation seemed sure and easy to us, there might be some doubt about its being correct. Looking at the infinite, the inexplicable is its own sufficient explanation. It is the best evidence of God's righteous purpose for the creatures of His love.

I am doubtful as to what continue in my present situation, or identify myself with the Army." Referring to his work, he said, "The place to start. We must children, and the fault is all lies with the parent." gave an account of his criminals, "from the the lowest classes." It is in that it is almost impossible a convert among old criminals.

Tuck believed that the children is the great social problem. Hart and Colonel Jacobs, army, spoke briefly on res-



Staff-Capt. Stevens and Capt. Ashman Take up the Tale—Some Incidents from Kimberley, and Notes from Capt. Ashman's Diary.

It was a few hours only before the commencement of the Siege of Kimberley. Refugees were pouring into the town from all the outlying districts, and for the moment the authorities were at their wits' end as to the disposal of this crowd of humanity. Presently as the refugees were en masse a local person with a superabundance of generosity, exclaimed :

"All who belong to my church step forward." There was a feeble response.

"All Who Don't Belong to Any Church!"

"The world is my parish," said Wesley, and in the selfsame spirit Ensign Kiddie, the commanding officer of Kimberley 1, who had been an eye-witness to the above scene, forthwith acted.

"And, glory be to God, all who don't belong to any church at all just step behind me!" shouted the Ensign to the hungry crowd. Close upon a thousand souls were at his back, a twinkling, and without a word ado he marched them off to the local barracks and provided for their comfort and accommodation until such time as the authorities were able to step in and relieve him of his burden.

This is only one of the many interesting incidents that Commissioner Kilby has brought back with him from Kimberley. Yes, the Salvation Army, through some of its officers, has done nobly right through the siege, both above ground and under ground. Ensign Kiddie at least has received the commendation of not a few representative folks who are well qualified to judge of his services.

Some Providential Escapes.

Miraculous indeed have been the escapes of both officers and soldiers. On No. 1, barracks was the direct line of fire. Six hundred pounds of high explosive fell in front and all around, but the only damage is the removal of about three sheets of corrugated iron on the roof of the building. The quarters adjoining also remained uninjured. Mrs. Ensign Kiddie was, upon one occasion, engaged in the back-yard with one of her children, when a shell passed just over her head and fell within foot or two of where she was standing.

An infant died, and Mrs. Capt. Cass was called upon to conduct the funeral. At the outset, it was difficult to obtain a coffin, but Mrs. Cass quickly solved this problem by sending a South African officer who had done before. The remains were conveyed to the cemetery, and during the burial service a shell fell in the immediate vicinity, necessitating officers and attendants deserting the coffin, and running for their lives to a place of safety.

Stories of most providential escapes are told by scores of comrades. In every direction God's protecting arm seems to have surrounded our soldiers and there is just one single case of death or injury to record.

The Death of Capt. Van der Westhuzen.

We lament the loss of a promising young officer in the person of Capt. Van der Westhuzen, who, at the outbreak of hostilities, was commanded by the Boer forces. News has reached us that this comrade was killed at Moria, on the 21st February, but no details are yet at hand. Van der Westhuzen has two sisters in the work here in South Africa, for whom the utmost sympathy is felt. Just previous to the war, Capt. Van der Westhuzen was in command of Seneck, O. F. S.

Cadet Hiltz, who is a Boer prisoner at Simon's Town, has sent an interesting explanatory letter to his training mother, Staff-Capt. McEwan, from which it appears that he had no alternative but to fight, being commanded. His wound is healing, and he is in fair way to recovery. He

is well saved and happy, and eager for work. Meanwhile he has asked for a Bible, which has been duly forwarded to him, and as soon as possible he will be visited.—G. Stevens, Staff-Capt.

The Other Side of the Tugela.

This is the first opportunity I have had to let you have a line since leaving Kimberley. Capt. Ashman and I take the last week has been the most trying of the whole campaign. I did not get to the bridge until Tuesday afternoon. On arriving at Chieveley it began to rain, and I had eighteen miles to trudge, and, what with the rain and the char, I was properly tired and wet through before I had gone five miles.

It was all through long grass, and nearly all the way over one's ankles in water, and at times up to the knees. When it began to get dark I came across a wagon, and so got down underneath that. I did not get to sleep, I was properly tired and wet through before I had gone five miles.

Under fire for Two Days and Nights.

Found our men on a hill called Monte Cristo, and got my first glimpse of Ladysmith. In the distance, since then we have been fighting continuously, and have had a very rough time; for two days and nights we were under fire the whole time, having to keep under cover. The East Surveyors, have, I am sorry to say, lost a number—five officers wounded, one killed, and about a hundred men. As far as I know, none of our lads have been killed. We had an armistice all day yesterday to get in the wounded and bury the dead.

Our men have now been fighting for twelve days continuously, not having to wash the whole time.

New Peters. February 28th.—Just as we were preparing to lie down last night we had orders to move, but only went about two miles, and then another damp night in the open. This morning we have advanced fully five or six miles, and are awaiting orders to move again now. This morning I saw Johnson, Smith, Leonard, and Green, of our lads. I hear Whiteley, of the Queen's, is sick in one of the hospitals.

Some Awful Sights.

Have been going through the Boer trenches, and have seen some awful sights—parts of a hand here, etc., etc. There were also two or three women buried within twenty yards of where I am writing this. Several women have been found dead in the trenches with handbombs on. The most painful sight was a woman lying in the trenches dying, trying to the last to

look after her tiny baby. For several days it must have been impossible for those in the trenches to have been relieved. The dying and the dead were lying side by side.

The trenches were mostly from three to four feet wide and about six feet deep. Often the walls were made of the immense rocks found on the kopjes. During the day the men apparently cocking. On approaching, they found he was dead, sitting preparing a meal. He had been killed by lightning. There he sat, with one arm stretched towards the ashes of the late fire—dead.



BLOEMFONTEIN.

The Boers left hurriedly, leaving a lot of stuff, and some tents standing. Meant to celebrate Majuba Day, they had a large supply of stores down. One sergeant found twenty-nine jam jars.

He Enters Ladysmith.

March 2nd.—Ladysmith is relieved at last, thank God! I am standing up to write this as it is nearly all last night, and we are all in a pretty stale. I can tell you: drenched is not the word. I have been at Durban, Umtata, and all our lads here.

We do not go into Ladysmith until to-morrow, I believe, as they have no

camping-ground for us, and we will not get our tents for at least a week.

I will not try to describe what we have gone through the last three days, or the sights we have seen, but we'll wait till later. I have to stop every five minutes or so to walk up and down and get warm. It is nearly 5:30 a.m. now.

March 3rd.—To-day we entered Ladysmith—four months to a day since it was cut off. Ladysmith garrison lined the roads and received us with cheer after cheer. We trudged out the week's stores, obtained a sit-down.

Don't picture me going through Ladysmith as the Guards at Windsor, because it was no such thing! The men wore anything and everything; some were shoeless, others barefoot, or nearly so. As I walked along by the regiment, there were many exclamations of, "Salvation Army!" "Fancy Salvation Army here!"—M. Ashman, Capt.

I thank God I have done my duty.—Nelson.



MARCHING IN A SOUTH AFRICAN SAND-STORM.
(The use of a traction engine is also illustrated in this picture.)

A Letter from One of Our Leagues now on the South African Battlefield.

South Africa,
Feb. 17th, 1900.

My Dearest Mother :

You cannot tell how delighted I was to receive your loving and encouraging letter, nor how it cheered me. I was so down-hearted and cast up. It arrived just after our battle of Slingersfontein. This occurred Monday, 12th. The Boers attacked Wane Kopje at about 2:30 a.m., just as the moon

went down, in terribly large numbers. One force was E. Company and C. Company. The enemy attacked E. Company first, sent kaffirs up in front of them with blankets and overcoats, so they say, and the Boers fired between their legs. Our men were not strong enough for them. They gained the summit of the hill where six of our men were posted. They killed four, severely wounding the other two. There were thousands of rounds fired. It was pitch dark. A company of the enemy about fifty or one hundred yards further on. We kept up a terrible fire for hours, all day, from dawn till dark, about thirteen or fourteen hours. There were hundreds fired at my sanger. The Boers saw me go in, and

The Bullets Whistled all Around Me.

I can tell you, dear mother, it was a poor shave for me—but our God did not see fit that I should be hurt, praise Him for everyone! I can say, "I love His best of all," and if He sees fit, His will be done. I believe He will take me home.

Our force was not strong enough. After our Company held them in check all day we returned to Slingersfontein. No rations or water could be got near us all day. The poor men were parched. After all that suffering they had an hour's rest. Then we had to march from there to Rensburg, a distance of about thirteen miles. Oh, how tired we were you could not imagine, dear mother.

I am getting myself, and after getting all my master's things packed, I was just going to lie down, when we were ordered to fall in. You can guess how I was fairly done up. Oh, dear mother, it is a trying time! When the body gets so tired,

How the Old Man Can Tell,

and he tries you every way, so that you shall give in. It is hard sometimes when tried out; it makes the spirit dead too. But hallelujah! I know all this time. He is leading me to enable me through all temptation and down. I trust Him with all I do as He wills. After walking a long way, I got a ride on a gun-carriage's rest, so you see how He helped me.

I will tell you more about this place. I will give a few details of the time from Hermon to our home, and also of the time out here. We had a lovely voyage home, meetings almost every night. Buo. Sunshine is so sick, poor lad! We were fine days in Eng land, and saw Major Allen twice. It was so cold, frost and snow. It upset almost all the regiment. Two died of pneumonia at sea, two since we came here. They would not give us our home's leave to go home. One of my sisters came to see me, the others could not help being ill.

I must close now, will write more to-morrow. It is late, and I have to get up at 4 a.m. We have not had our clothes off since we arrived at the front. Good-night. God bless you much. J. W.



Tarse Topics.

THE PATRIOTISM OF THE SKIES.

Patriotism is a remarkable thing. For its sake some of the most daring deeds which history records have been attempted, in its cause have incalculable sacrifices been expended, and for its interests men have not hesitated to risk, to lose, if needs be to die. At the moment over Great Britain and her Colonies a tidal wave of patriotic feeling has passed. The clash of steel and shower of shot have re-awakened this sentiment slumbering in the breasts of most men, and the very children are decking themselves with patriotic badges and buttons, and instilling their burrals with deeper-shouts of loyalty. In this as in every other phase of feeling which comes over the life of the people, is there no significance for us who are the children of a Heavenly Kingdom and the sons of soldiers of the King of the world's salvation?

An abridged dictionary simply describes a patriot as a lover of his country, and we will take this explanation as sufficient—real love for any cause is a guarantee of sacrifice and service. We can but ask ourselves as we look on the enthusiasm which lights the faces of men as they speak of their country's honor, whether our zeal is as hot for the credit of our Heavenly Citizenship. Do we love the Kingdom of God that we are as jealous for its interests as for our own, and reckon hardship, or toils, or self-denial, as less than nothing that its advance may be promoted by us in us? God help us not to lag behind in zealous devotion the exponents of an earthly cause.

The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—"They overcame him by the Blood of the Lamb."—Rev. xii. 11.

Precious Blood! By this we conquer in the deepest sight; Sin and Satan overcome By its might.

—//— MONDAY.—"Change not."—Mal. III. 6.

All earthly love is as a thread of gold. Most fair, but what the touch of time may sever; But His a cubic sure, of strength un-told—

Oh, His love lasteth ever!

—//— TUESDAY.—"Above all, taking the shield of faith."—Eph. vi. 16. Looking unto Jesus, never we yield! Over all the armor, Faith, the battle-shield!

—//— WEDNESDAY.—"He knoweth."—Ps. cxi. 14.

Yes, He knows the way is dreary, Knows the weakness of our frame, Knows that hand and heart are weary—

He, in all points, felt the same.

—//— THURSDAY.—"Who teacheth like Him?"—Joh. xxvii. 22.

This strange, sad world is but our Father's school; All change and change His love shall grandly overrule.

—//— FRIDAY.—"Ye shall be satisfied."—Joh. ii. 26.

A little while thy course pursue, Till grace to glory grow, Then what I am and what I do. Hereafter thou shalt know.

SATURDAY.—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. ii. 10.

Look on to this, Through all perplexities of grief and strife To this, thy true maturity of life, Thy crowning hills; That such high gift thy holy dower may be, And for such service high, thy God prepare thee.

THE PRICE OF
Looking Back.

III.

Bitterly she sat at the window and turned to meet her husband. His slow, uncertain step was already upon the stairs, accompanied by the thick, broken utterance of a snatch of a music-hall song. Suddenly the singing ceased; a muttered oath, the sound of one trying to find the next step, and then a scream of terror, as with a frightful lurch the drunken man fell back head down, his right hand knotted tight against each stair till the last terrible crash echoed in the hall. "Then all was still. It happened in a few seconds. As soon as she heard Geoffrey miss his footing, Alice's door was flung open, and with feverish haste she ran out, only in time to kneel beside the prostrate heap in the hall. His position of huddled helplessness made her hasten to raise her husband's head and look in the set, glazed eyes. Then one long heart-rending woman's scream rang through the house, bringing the servants hurrying in terror to the spot. That was no longer any room for hope that a wife's influence might work at the moment. In the light of the woman's life seemed to pass as she saw the bitter end of her self-seeking. Alice's idol, the price of her peace, the object of her infatuated early love, the drunken husband of her later years, had gone to meet his God!

"Master Geoffrey and Master Phil, your mamma wants you!" Two bright little lads in sailor suits looked up from their play in delight; time spent with their beautiful mother was always the brightest of the day. So their curls were tidied, and, hand-in-hand, they walked down the stairs to their mother's room. Geoffrey showed some disposition to slide down the banisters, but his brother checked him with a very loud "Hush!"

"Gosh, do you remember that poor mom's dead, and mamma's been crying awful?" I think it would hurt her for us to be romping on the stairs to-day: it was just at the foot here where poor fell. Geoff, wouldn't it be awful if you fell down dead now?"

"Oh, but papa was what nurse calls 'shaky in his legs'—that's why he fell. I'm quite safe, I suppose that when we get old, like poor papa, we shall get shaky too."

"Never, God helping me!" said a voice behind them. "I want you both to come in here," and Mrs. Leighton opened the door on the landing, putting her arms around her little sons as she did so. Somehow the room they entered seemed the stillest. They had never seen. On the floor, where before lay something still, yet and instinctively both boys shrank back. They had never seen death before.

"Don't be afraid, darlings," said their mother gently. "I want you to come and kiss papa. It is only his poor body, you know, that lies here—the papa who used to love and kiss you has gone away." Oh, the agony that welled up into Alice's heart as she thought she dare not surmise where he had gone to.

She had brought her little sons into the death-chamber for a purpose, and that to make an appeal to their consciences in the presence of their father's wrecked remains. When her husband's life had been quenched so suddenly her sorrow had been intense, for all the old affection she had ever felt for him seemed to return in stronger and wiser force. But as she looked on the awful end of the man she might have influenced so good, had she but kept true to her vows, there came the thought: "What if that the boys?"—a thought like an inspiration to hope and effort in that dark hour. An evil whisper told her, at the same time, that it would be useless harrowing the boys' feelings, and that to try to save them from their father's curse was an impossibility, since they would have the same nature, and inherit the same taste. But, with a firmness of resolve that she had never had once during all those ten years of her married life, Alice thrust the temptation from her, saying, "I will do my utmost. My mistaken marriage did not help me to save my husband. I failed in that—alas! that I was so blind. I must save my boys!"

As they stood in that quiet death-chamber, the mother told the awestruck children why she had brought them there.

"Geoffrey and Phil, listen to me! I called through drink. You did not know that, when you saw him come home stumbling, his signs were unsteady because he had drunk so much brandy and spirits. Ever since I knew a father, boys, strong drink was his besetting sin, and it is that which has led to his death now. Drink has made your mother an unhappy woman; drink has made your father's shame a by-word among all who know him—it has brought all the sorrow into this house. Now, boys, I want you to promise me that this awful curse that has ruined the life of your dear father shall never pass your lips."

"Mamma, I couldn't ever drink a drop of this!" said little Phil, kneeling and looking into her sorrowful face, down which the bitter drops of anguish were slowly falling.

"And Geoffrey?"

Geoffrey's eyes were fastened on the still, white face of his drunk-cursed father.

"Oh, mamma, I'll swear to you, if you like, to touch the end, the end, cruel thing that took away papa."

"No, my boys, I don't want you to swear to me—you must make your promise to God. Trying to overcome and leave from evil in your own strength, and with all your good resolves, will not hold you from this curse. I know, You, your mother, might have helped your father to conquer this thing long ago, but she did not choose God's way of doing it, and His strength was not the arm she leaned on—." Tears washed the finish of the sentence away—the recollection of the desolating helplessness of the arm of flesh which she had chosen instead was more than she could bear.

"Mamma!" said little Phil, "I only God can help us not to live and die like poor papa—hadn't we better ask Him to now?"

The child's words came like the whisper of Alice's past better life, and, kneeling down with each hand clasped round her sons, she prayed the first whole-hearted prayer that she had breathed for ten years. When she had finished, the twins moved each in his own childlike way, and with a clinging faith, as well as passionate promise, that brought one ray of hope to the mourner's heart.

But before they rose from their knees there was one other petition to burst from the broken-hearted mother's lips:

"O God, take me—Thy wandering child—take me back again!"

And in the presence of the awful deaf, and of those two tear-stained, trembling children, God, in His unending mercy, heard and answered the

blackslider's cry, and Alice Leighton went from that death-chamber consolous that her sin was under the Blood.

But forgiveness is not restitution. Although the woman's sin was pardoned, the consequences of that sin were not removed. Alice's repentance came too late to recall the lost soul of the man whom she once might have saved—whether it has come too late to prevent little Geoffrey and Phil the future alone will reveal.—A. L. P.

EAST

Brigadier P
Cleansin
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What a Soldier
x Should Know.

The Army's Principles for the Evangeliza-
tion of Native Races.

Salvation Army principles, pure
and simple, with an extra pinch of ap-
plication thrown in, are our hope
for the salvation of the heathen.
Not, however, adaptation of
the sort, which merely consists
of changing one's clothes and
food, but adaptation that carries with it
a whole-hearted recognition and ob-
servation of the Scripture truth that
"God hath made of one blood all na-
tions." The success of the Army in
India, in Japan, and among other native
races, is attributable to the genuine,
unforced spirit of fraternization with
the people manifested, and it is on the
minutiae of this spirit, among both
European and high-class Indian officers,
in conjunction with the world-wide
principles of the Army—more especially
those of self-support and self-propaga-
tion—on which we confidently rely for
greater and greater victories, till the
millions of India, and other benighted
lands, are won for God.

Does the Army Believe in the Doctrine of
"Final Perservance of the Saints?"

No. We believe that it is possible
for those who have been truly con-
verted to fall away and be finally lost.
The promises of blessing, the exhorta-
tions, the warnings of the Scriptures,
all go to show that we must be
"faithful unto death"; "He that shall
endure to the end, the same shall be
saved." To say that every saint will
be finally saved, whether he perseveres
in holiness or sin—to say that although
he shall backslide ever so often he will
be certainly restored in the end and
taken to heaven—discretes the responsi-
bility which God has unalterably
fastened to the career of every man.

SAVING THE WORLD.

A Soldier's Song.

By COLONEL LAWLEY.

Time.—Stand like the brave.
A world of rebellion
Our Jesus defend;
His soldiers, they faltered;
For others He cried;
When God raised our General,
Who Blood and Fire waved,
And said he'd never fail it
Till all men were saved.

Chorus.
Saving the world,
Saving the world,
Saving the world,
By the Blood and the Fire!

Heaven-born is our mission,
The wide world our field.
We hold a commission
Our Saviour's Blood sealed,
How sacred our duty,
And solemn our call,
We follow our Captain,
We'll fight till we fall.

We care not though foes
May be around our track;
Earth, hell, and all devils
Shall not keep us back.
King Jesus is leading,
We trust in His might;
So down with the wrong,
And up with the right!

If ready for battle,
With me take your stand;
If ready to suffer,
At Jesus' command,
If ready for conquest,
Dark millions to win,
Then fix every bayonet,
And help me to slug—

erry, and Alice Leighton
that death-chamber con-
tinued her sin was under the
consequences of that sin
removed. Alice's repentance
wrote to recall the lost soul of
whom she once might have
hoped. It has come too late
little Geoffrey and Phil the
she will reveal. —A. L. P.

a Soldier Should Know.

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servation of the Scripture truth that
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tions of the Army in
it, and among other na-
tions attributable to the genuine
spirit of brotherhood with
manifested in it, is on the
part of this spirit among both
the highest Indian and
the Army, and the world wide
the Army—more especially
support and self-promotion
which we confidently rely for
greater victories, till the
India, and other nations
for God.

Believe in the Doctrine of
the Sins?"
believe that it is possible
to have been truly con-
victed and to finally lost
of blessing, the extor-
tions of the Scriptures,
now that we must be
"dead," "Hold fast that
you may be saved," and
the same shall be
true that every soul will
know—so to say that although
the life ever so often will
be restored in the end, and
the soul—He who is responsi-
ble for the career of every man.

THE WORLD.

oldier's Song.

ONEL LAWLEY.
and like the brave,
rebellion
is defined;
they faltered;
raised our General,
and Fire waved,
I'd never wavered
till we were saved.

Chorus.

the world,
the world,
the world
and the Fire!
is our mission,
world one field
commission
it's Blood sealed,
our duty,
our call,
our Captain,
till we fall.

though foot-
willing our track;
nd all devils
keep us back,
s leading,
Him might;
h the wrong,
b the right!
battle,
ke your stand;
ffer,
command,
conquest,
is to win,
y bayonet,
to slug—

THE WAR CRY.

EAST ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Brigadier Pugnire on the War Path—35 Souls for Pardon and
Cleansing in Eight Days—Two Hallelujah Weddings—
Glorious Outpouring of God's Spirit—Still There's
More to Follow—Two Officers' Councils,

OTTAWA (the Imperial City) was
the first on the list, and on our ar-
rival we were met by Ensign Pugh,
the D. O., who had made attractive
announcements of our visit.

—//—

We scored ten souls for pardon and
cleansing, God being mightily present
with us, inspiring and blessing His
own people and converting sinners.

—//—

We had very nice congregations,
several ministers being present, and
doubtless we would have had a larger
congregation in the afternoon had it
not been for a military funeral. As it
was, "60,000 Miles by Land and Sea,"
drew a number.

—//—

We had a full program on the Mon-
day, and one prominent feature was a
private Hallelujah Wedding of two
soldiers. We fixed them up all right
and sent them away happy.

—//—

KEMPSTERVILLE—8:30 p.m. when we
arrived, but we can make up time in
the Army, and we did on this occasion.
After a concertina and guitar duet,
Ensign Pugh had a pitch-hu.

—//—

Great power fell upon the crowd,
and in response to our invitation three
souls volunteered for pardon, and God
did not say them nay.

—//—

We reached our billet very near mid-
night, directed there by a bright sol-
dier. Before we parted with our
friend the question was asked, "What
about being a Candidate?" Shee we
have received a letter from said sol-
dier. Render, "The harvest field is
white—the laborers are few." Send
us your application right away.

—//—

CANANOQUE came next, being met
by Ensign Stilger and Lieut. Mac-
Cormack. The afternoon was spent in in-
specting corps houses, etc.

—//—

A splendid crowd gathered in as
soon as little laundries as we have seen.
Under the Army flag we had an in-
vestment of soldiers.

—//—

One man desired our prayers, but
none yielded. We have, however,
since heard from the Ensign that two
or three nights later four surrendered.

—//—

KINGSTON—We had a big program
as follows: Two officers' councils,
swimming in of results, and a Hallelujah
Wedding. In our two public ga-
therings we had eight souls for
pardon. Kingston is all right.

—//—

What can I say about those two
blessed councils? God did come in
our midst, and His will was more
clearly revealed to us, and power was
given to walk in this fresh light.

—//—

Several hundred people were present
to witness the wedding of two faithful
and devoted officers, viz., Adj't. Kendall
and Ensign Wels. The knot was
tied amidst much enthusiasm.

—//—

Adj't. and Mrs. Kendall will remain
in command of the Kingston and
Belleville Districts. May God bless
them much. "One shall chase a
thousand and two shall put ten thou-
sand to flight." May this be verified
in their case.

—//—

God's seal was placed upon their
union by three souls seeking the par-
don of their sins. Oh, the joy of lead-
ing souls to God, and Adj't. and Mrs.
Kendall have each experienced this joy
in the past. May it be increased ten-
fold.

—//—

Congratulatory messages were read
from comrades in different parts of the
field. At the time of writing the
bride and groom are having a few
days' vacation.

The Kingston band looked neat and
military in their new band suits, just
supplied them by one Trade Depart-
ment. The music supplied by Ensign
Pugh, Capt. French, and Sister Downey.

—//—

MONTREAL 1.—Good Friday and
Easter Sunday were spent in good old
Revivalism, the former being the which
resulted in fourteen souls for pardon
and cleansing. We were assisted by the
Chancellor, Ensign Williams, Dodge,
and Miller, and others.

—//—

On Good Friday night the P.O. were
in a number of meetings, and also pre-
sented the band new flag to the
corps, the soldiers of the corps promising
truthfulness to its principles.

—//—

The meetings on Easter Sunday were
simply grand. Two hundred and
fifty. Glory be to God! East
Ontario has mounted her war horse
and there are glorious triumphs ahead
of her. Watch and see!—Yours tol-
ling to bring it about, J. S. Pugnire.

—//—

What I Knew Across
IN TRAVELING.

(Continued.)

Och! Sure, Mr. Editor, I'm clean stuck
Where shill I start? Well, I stopped
love's stinkin' gettin' n' risin' speech
to stir the heart or the most kiths;
but gettin' on out of that territory I
struck sum more events ye might
like to hear about.

Well arrivin' at Kingston, I heard
there was to be a prayer meetin' at
a Salvashun's house. I went wid
a young ladle who showed me the way
there. Och! Mr. Editor, why didn't
ye send a reporter to write up that
meetin' for yer paper?

—//—

65 Pepe Stuck In That House.

A Methody preacher, who sed he gave
all his family to the Army, was to
lead the meetin', wid a sojer ov the
Queen to help him. Mr. Editor, we
hurt warms to this sojer boy to this
day. You should a-seen that sojer ov
the Queen walkin' the devil. The
glory kind o' effects. I holdeed rite
on my mind, which is unusual
for me bein' quiet like. When the
sojer was there un' the preacher started,
it was time for the devil's ruckus
to show the white flag, an' three pris-
oners were taken. What a meetin' that
was! Here I met the Pope, not
His Holiness of Rome, but a gentle-
man every decent kow ought to keep
clear ov, or he'll cut her into beef
steak at wan end of his shop, un' nail
her hide to yer boots at the other.
Needless to say, he made a starn' speach.

Sechin' I mentioned animals, I ought
to say something about a goat. I
had a fine, big, shiny friend Mr.
Wels. of Millbrook on dockin' a sick
kaf. Mr. Wels was a knowledged man
before he's better informed now. Well, sur, wid other
ingredibuts

She Gave that Kat a Kup of Tea.

Wid that remark I laughed out loud.
Sez I, "that ought to rise it sure," an'
Mr. Wels sat there takin' it all in, le-
tak' in the instruction. (I don't
mean takin' in the yeast, or the kaf,
Mr. Editor.) Well, sur, Mr. Wels is
been givin' his kore some yeast, an' it's
risin', risin', risin', hlyin' an' blier.

Well, biles requirin' me attention
at Kingston, I took ship an' soon the
train was rollin' into the station at
the Limestone City. (Mr. Editor, this
is a flag o' speech.) Well, sur, the
event that took place there char-
med me. Discreetly, I heard Mr.
Kendall (Adj'tant, I think they calls
him) an' the ladie preacher ov the
Salvashun Temple was to be married,
an' I streek for the place Wednesday
nite. (The weddin' was to be next
nite.)

Congratulatory messages were read
from comrades in different parts of the
field. At the time of writing the
bride and groom are having a few
days' vacation.

Their reverences Mr. Pugnire and
Mr. Pugh was to lead the exercises
that's the rite word, sir, for they gave
the devil more exercise than he's had
for some time. If yer a singer, Mr.
Editor, ye' sang "The Old Oak
Bucket that Hung at the Well." Mr.
Pugnire tuk us rite to the old well wid
no old bucket at it, but the salvashun
well that springs up wid out a bucket.
Och! Mr. Editor, what a speech! The
well was rite there, the water was
billin' rite up, ye' and feel it in yer
soul, an'

Five Sinners "Stuped Down an' Drunkan"
Lived.

"Glory, hallelujah! This is grute,"
sez I. But the weddin' is the next nite.
"Wee Salvashun's wallin' in the
Chorus. The chief, he seems to be to
be to someone saved. "Let us go to our
souls," I heard Mr. Pugnire say, nut
Mr. Kendall and the ladie preacher
had the same.

Well, gettin' there in time I
tuk knots of the procession. The pro-
cession to the platform started ex-
actly 8:15, an' wasn't I surprised to
see my old friend, Mr. Parker, at the
led on it. He had kum to see Mr.
Kendall landed "safe on the evergreen
shore," and at the end ov the procession
kum a Salvashun, Kaptain
Kendall, evidently of the same
Military Service as General French, who
is fifth in the Board, for she is
meant to fit the devil. It was a starn'
procession—Mr. Parker solom as the
town clock, Mr. Kendall a little nerv-
ous, Mr. Pugnire blizus like, the ladie
preacher fir as Gibraltar, an' Captain
French smilin' like the roses ov June.
The barracks was more full. The
band blowed, the people shopped, an'
even the solem Mr. Parker smiled a little.
The bizes was soon gone into. Mr.
Kendall

Spoke Up "I Will" Like a Man

that meant bizes. The ladie preacher
ditto, an' Mr. Pugnire, not havin'
power to pull the title as he had
explained, Mr. Pugnire stopped for
and finished a good job by sayin' "I
will be a good man, and when
God has his mind, let him un-
together me, no, Mr. Editor, I'm blimmin'!" That's the way he
was sayin' it at a weddin' wasn't, but
here he sed it in the usual way. Mr.
Kendall give the ladie preacher one
good snuff and she was no more,
but in her place stood the swate,
smilin' Mrs. Kendall. Sure, sez I, this
is mighty interestin'. What kins
next? sez I, un' sure, Mr. Editor, they
tuk to preachin' salvashun hot an'
strong. Mr. Kendall gave a strin'
speech. Mrs. Kendall ditto. Then
Mr. Pugnire went at it. My, that
gentleman can wallop the devil! Then
old Mr. Stilger went at it, and he
was sayin' he had a good soul, but
the world's salin' him, Mr. Editor, sur,
there are too many sinnts on the devil's
houn' dandlin' to sleep. But on
the saint's nees. Sure, Mr. Pugnire
believes in gettin' up on his nees, an'
then gettin' up and fitin'. Well, sur,
he made the devil tremble this time.
Soon a

Little Lad Held Up His Hand.

sayin' he wanted to be saved. Och!
I didn't know he had went out to heaven.
None, that little hand raised to heaven
shines a lot. Sure, if I was a painter
instead of a littany gentleman as ye see,
I am, I'd paint a picture of that little
hand raised to heaven. I couldn't
help feelin' the blessed Lord was there.
Himself sayin', "Suffit the little children
to come into Me," an' me old hart
was all melted down. Soon two more
kum to the penitent form. Sure, sez I,
that's the way to get married—git
sons saved through it an' ye're sure
to be happy for time and eternit. Sure,
sez I, if I kin git to where Mr. Pug-
nire is sayin' he's marrin' people right
now.

But all things have an end, and so
did this beautiful ruckus. We struck
for the stadium, the kaf weel was soon
wheelin', I shook hands wid Mr. an' Mrs.
Kendall. Mr. Pugnire give me a
grip that warmed me hart. He's a fine
gentleman that. I jumped from the
car just in time to save wan good
man goin' to the wrong stadium. The
blonds sailed in beauty overhead
somewhere. The rals was gently fallin',
an' like a fine littany gentleman,
I struck through the mud and disper-
seated in the darkness.—Alovin' Mike.

—//—

The Doings of the
Newfoundland P.O.

The Doings of the Newfoundland P.O.

"I am going to visit Harbor Grace
and Carbonear," said Brigadier Sharp
to me on Monday, as I entered his
office, "will you come?" "Of course I
would go, and right gladly I answered
"Yes."

So on Wednesday, at 5 p.m., we
boarded the train. The "we" consisted
of Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp and Adj't.
and Mrs. Dowell. Our start was
amusing, as some 200 men who had
been to the field and had made
good catches, were returning home.
Having a few dollars, they must needs
visit the hotel and have a few drinks,
and some went a little sleep and were
a little on the talkative side.

The railroad officers were very kind
to us; we were put in a nice compartment,
with no less a man than his
reverence Bishop McDonald, of the
I. C. Church, who, by the way is a
very pleasant man, and not too good to
talk with Army officers.

We arrived at Carbonear at 10 p.m.
and were met at the station by Adj't.
McRae, who greeted us with a happy
smile, and piloted us to our billets,
where we stowed away for the night.

Early on Thursday the Brigadier had
met the Bishop, who soon were
in the midst of a little band of officers
who had come for miles to hear a few
fathers words from our worthy P. O.
The council was a great help. War
Crys, Self-Dental, and general business
over, we had a little heavenly time,
then off to our tea, and back for the
public meeting. What shall I say of
the public meeting? It was most elaborate.
It was the Army review, showing our
work in 46 different countries and
colonies. It was very helpful and the
finances went away up, so Mac said.

Friday we walked four miles to

Harbor Grace, where we had another
blessed session of council, and a great
public meeting.

Saturday we returned to Carbonear.
Adj't. Dowell lectured at night. Hall
well filled.

Sunday was a day of victory. At the
holiness meeting the Brigadier waxed
eloquent, his words went home,
backed by the Holy Ghost, and at
the close two claimed the blessing
of a clean heart. In the afternoon
the barracks was packed. Mrs. Sharp
was the leading light. My
word, she can talk! and God helped
her. At the close we were enabled to
rejoice over four souls which came out
for salvation. At night another packed
barracks, and the Brigadier to the
conclusion, Mrs. Dowell sang. Adj't.
said his say. Mrs. Dowell sang and
said a few words, and the Brigadier
drove in the net. It came in hot, but
think God, not without a catch. We
were able to close rejoicing, that God
had given the victory even at Car-
bonear.

We took train at 6 a.m. on Monday,
and arrived back to St. John's to hear
the glad news that God had helped
there, and nine souls had been saved
at No. I, eight at No. III, and one
or two at No. II.—G. H. Dowell, Adj't.

THOUGHTS

FROM LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Style is the dress of thoughts.

—//—
Be wiser than other people if you
can, but do not tell them so.

—//—
Know the true value of time; snatch,
seize, and enjoy every moment of it.

—//—
A lively genius, with a cool constitution,
is the perfection of human nature.

—//—
True politeness is perfect ease and
freedom. It simply consists in treating
others as you love to be treated
yourself.

—//—
Neither retail nor receive scandal
willingly; in the case of scandal, as
on the other hand, every moment you
now employ usefully is so much time
wisely laid out, at prodigious interest.



April 24th, 1903.

AFRICAN WAR.

s are still besieging Wezena a line of troops in touch with force north of Bloemfontein east of that place. Forces have been despatched to the North, under General General Rundt, from General Rundt's main force at Bloemfontein. Small engagements have taken place at different points, but no news has been reported—General Rundt's outposts of 35 in number, only 18 men to camp—Maritzburg apparently as active as ever, although Smithson, of Colonel Gove managed to pass the town to the besieged town to the south, also to return with a Colonel Plumer. —Guns manufactured at Pretoria.

—Lord Roberts has decided the battle of Spion King's Hill, Warden, and Maritzburg, all of which is to be relieved of their garrisons. A number of Dutchmen, captured at Spion King's Hill, tried for treason and condemned to imprisonment for years.

AFRICA AND CANADA.

It was shot in the present battle at Croton dam works. —The Welland Canal was opened on April 25th for navigation. An individual made an attempt to cross two Canadian logs, which would have destroyed the navigation and caused a disaster, destroying many lives and property. —Chief of Police of Steveston, B. C., went to some stolen property from a cabin, where he was immediately buried near by. —A man jumped from Brooklyn and escaped without injury. Bridges have been carried across Province by the rebels. —An attempt was made to burn G. T. R. Express near Victoria.

AFRICA.

of Sweden and Norway. England. —The minister of Cairo is agitating the entrance of Christian missionaries into the Soudan. —The British at Cawnpore have been with Queen Victoria has been with her reception in Ireland. —The plague has prolonged her visit. —The bubonic plague has appeared at several points in India. —The Queen of Argyle, his eldest son, succeeded

I praise is the severest rebuke set down and can you be prouder whether it or not; if not, depend we are only laughed at and

NOTICE . . .

all Goods have materially increased, and therefore we demand to stop sending Goods UNPAID. Kindly note that orders will be sent Express while POSTAGE to cover our accompany all small shipping by Mail.

R. JNO. M. C. HORN,
TRADE SECRETARY.

Spokane's Greatest. THE VISIT OF MISS BOOTH PROVES THE GREATEST ATTRACTION IN SPOKANE'S RELIGIOUS HISTORY--"MISS BOOTH IN RAGS."

NOTHING ever like it in Spokane's history, is the verdict of the people who attended the Commissioner's meetings, on Sunday and Monday, April 23rd and 24th. Whether the verdict is a matter of opinion, but judging from a Salvationist's standpoint, each meeting was one better than the other. That the Commissioner has eclipsed all previous efforts goes without saying. There were unprecedented crowds, who were not slow in showing their appreciation of the Commissioner's visit, and personal regard for herself. The Auditorium, well filled for an afternoon meeting, was declared to be a distinct triumph, but at night fully 500 people failed to find accommodation. One gentleman remarked next day that he got near the door, saw so many people being turned away that he gave up and went home. Others bent on hearing a little, if possible, waited for some one who might perchance be unable to remain right through, but few very few—left before the Commissioner had finished, and their places were immediately filled.

Quite a large number of ministers from different churches in the city, were present. The Rev. Mr. Gobey, who introduced the Commissioner, is one of our warmest friends.

Soul-saving under the circumstances was very difficult, and although we only acted as hosts, we believe the impression made will amply repay for the strength and energy spent by our beloved Commissioner. No one can, for a moment, but acknowledge she was inspired in her utterances by the Holy Ghost, and although much exhausted physically, the Commissioner went bravely through the series of meetings without a halt. At the P. O.'s quarters

People Have Called to Express Their Delight

at what they heard, and how much blessing and good they had received. In the office, on the cars, and streets, the meetings have been upon everybody's lips. Spokane's biggest triumph is a thing of the past, but its memory will live on. The following report from the Spokane Review shows how this campaign has been looked upon:

EVA BOOTH SPOKE.

SHE DELIVERED TWO STIRRING ADDRESSES YESTERDAY.

Auditorium was crowded—The Salvation Army Commissioner Spoke There Afternoon and Evening.

Spokane Review, Spokane.

Eva Booth is in Spokane. For the third time the "angel of the slums" has spoken to the people of this city, and on the occasion of her two sermons yesterday she was greeted by audiences that taxed the capacity of the Auditorium. In the afternoon she spoke for an hour on the subject, "The Song of the City." During every moment she had the attention of her immense audience, and at times the power of her speech and personality held the assemblage spellbound.

The Commissioner arrived in Spokane last night over the Northern Pacific Railroad. She is accompanied on her present tour by Major Smeeton, of her staff, Adj't. Welch, Basile Griffith, and two little orphans, George, Pearl and Willie. They came to Spokane from Butte. Major Bargrave of the Spokane District, had the entire company taken at once to his own home, where they will be entertained during their stay in the city.

Twice before has the tall and magnetic daughter of the Father of the Salvation Army appeared in Spokane, and on each of these occasions she has been met with a cordial reception. But last evening she spoke to the largest audience that, perhaps, ever attended a religious service held in this city.

Service was characteristic.

The afternoon service was the most characteristic of a Booth devotional meeting. The people who attended were expecting the speaker to deliver a better lecture than she had before done while here, and they were not disappointed in that expectation. Though the woman was not in the best of health, her voice was strong and her delivery fascinating to her hearers. Rev. G. W. Gobey delivered a short speech of introduction, and Miss Booth was accorded an ovation when she advanced to the front of the stage.

The text from which the speaker drew inspiration was: "And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps, and no man could learn that song save they who were redeemed." She spoke rapidly, and with the strong English accent now so familiar to the people of this city. Her first theme was the beauty of the world, and the wonderful things that God has provided for the people of His world. She then with directed to the thoughts of beauties of nature, and from the picture she drew of these she called upon her hearers to listen to the music and harmony of life.

The music of nations and the music of history was searched, and their results laid bare before her audience. In this the speaker paid devotion to the power of music, and gave several examples of that power being made manifest in history. The worldly music, that of the dance, the popular song, and the concert hall, was next shown to be evanescent in its character and effect, and the heavenly music, that of a contented soul, was pictured for her hearers, with praise. Peace, the speaker said, was the

thing to be desired in the effects of music, and the things for which men strive and struggle were shown as useless when acquired unless their possessor had in his possession also peace.

"Rock of ages," she said, was the true song of the city of God. All the books ever written could not, she said, equal that song in influence upon the human race. The close of her sermon, fraught with long, ponderous periods and reverberating sentences, was so effective that the people in the audience were called upon to exercise all their self-control to keep from applauding.

EVENING ADDRESS APPLAUSED.

The evening meeting addressed by Commissioner Booth, attended by a crowd as large as the Auditorium had sheltered in a long time, was another triumph for the gentle woman whose life-work has been devoted to the cause of humanity. "Love's Sunset" was the theme around which Miss Booth wove an address that was longer and fuller as good as was her effort in the afternoon, and occupied an hour and a quarter in delivery.

The story, which really was a series of stories, centred on the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, and its consequent bearing on the human race. Above and beyond it all could be seen the magnificent faith and hope of the speaker. For the lecture, though having a most sermone effect, the stage was arranged to represent a garden. Miss Booth wore a yellow gown of oriental cut, on the bosom of which shone the burning emblem of mercy—the Red Cross Society.

The fashion and taste of her dress did not emphasize the slight, mean appearing form of the Commissioner. Her face plainly showed that her physical condition was not what it should be. She was pale. The strain of the hard work and hard journey of the few weeks during which she has been so hard at work in the West also accentuated a drawn look of suffering in her face. But there was no suffering in her hearing. From the time she began speaking the words flowed in the usual steady stream, and the final figure fairly shook with energy.

From out of the depths of a wealth of personal recollection and experience,

View of Lake Pend d'Orville, as seen by the Commissioner on her way to Spokane.

Miss Booth took stories of sin and the consequences thereof and turned them to account in the building of a great discourse. At the end of each recital of incident she would pour out her soul in protest at the wickedness depicted. These moments were among the best of the evening. The sentiments expressed were uniformly high enough to engage the closest attention of everyone who heard, and not so high but that all understood.

Spoke of Her Slum Work.

Her rescue work in the slums and prisons of London and New York has probably given Miss Booth a better insight into the lives of the lowest classes than has any other person alive to-day. Her descriptions of Salvation Army experiences, brimming with the pathos of love for humanity, were an interest which definitely absorbed interest generally felt among those who sat before her.

She knows humanity in all its perfections, and its ambitions, and in all its desires, and her depiction of the ways in which humanity goes down to sin were grim with truth. Drink, gambling, passion, lust, the pleasures of the world and of the "devil," were fiercely attacked by the persistently-energetic woman of the spirit of love and mercy.

"Ah, this drink," she said at one period. "We want to taste it. We know it is good for us. It is sweet to us. Give it to us. And the young man says: I drink to your health; I drink to your prosperity; I drink to your happiness." But, oh! years later that young man says, "Drink, drink, drink. I drink to the ruin of my home; I drink to the misery of my wife; I drink to the shame of my little ones; I drink to the depths of my family; I drink to my soul's damnation."

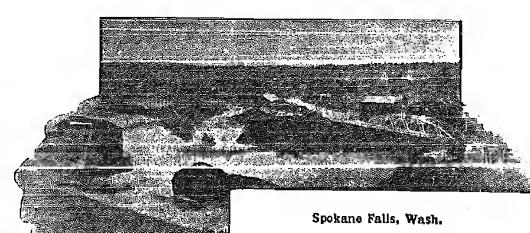
The splendid oratorical height to which the woman arose during the dramatic delivery of the foregoing affected her audience to a noticeable extent. The passage quoted is only a sample of the whole of Miss Booth's talk just right. Each sentence spoken by her is uttered with a magnetic swing that enlists the sympathy of her audience completely. She is a most remarkable orator and a wonderful woman.

The magnificent success of the Sunday's campaign presaged a further success on Monday. "Miss Booth in Rags" has

A Peculiar Charm and Fascination.

The First M. E. Church, the largest

(Continued on page 18.)



Spokane Falls, Wash.

From a Lion to a Lamb.

By ENSIGN PERRY.

Chapter III.

IN WHICH CASPAR SEEKS TO MARRY.

Two months after this battle two companies of infantry were sent out to stop a war dance, which was a most cruel performance. It is conducted on this wise: Each Indian performer sews a piece of raw hide through the flesh on each side of their body. Then they tie themselves together with the strings and dance around a burning pole. The Indian who can stand it the longest and best is selected chief. The two companies, however, made them quit this barbarous work.

Caspar had a great hatred for the Indians. They were afterwards removed three miles south from Port St. Louis, and when Caspar's time of service was up he passed through their encampment on his way home. They yelled and howled at him, and our soldier boy was never so scared in his life before. He thought his end had come.

He got safely through, however, and proceeded soon after that to Columbia, South Dakota, where he worked six months with a farmer. The man lost his crop and Caspar got no pay.

They followed two years of life in a place called Aberdeen, the "batched it, as they say in the West, in this place, and during that time a new experience became idle.

About a mile away lived a young woman with whom he began to keep company. Her father, however, refused Caspar his daughter and ordered him to leave his house one day.

Caspar said he would not until the man,

who was in debt to him to the amount of \$275, paid his debt. This he refused to do, and got hold of Caspar's arm to put him out. This was too much for Caspar, high tempered as he was, so he retaliated, and the man found himself outside instead.

Caspar threw him against a rock, split his head, broke the jaw bone, and he was about nine or seven teeth. This enraged his wife so that she hit Caspar with the broom in the face. He grabbed the broom and flogged the woman to the floor with it. They were both now lying senseless so Caspar went in and talked to the daughter, who did not care for such a display of physical force. Love may be strong and courageous, but if he loved her she would rather see it run a bit smoother and not so demonstrative, seeing both parents were subject to his wrath by interference. The young woman flew out and went to neighbors, so Caspar got in his wagon and drove off to his home.

COVE.—Judging from the looks of soldiers on the march, and who attend our meetings, numbers that are getting Pitt Cove is very much alive.

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The Children's Cosy Corner.

OPENING OF THE "EVANGELINE HOME."

A more appropriate evening, so far as weather was concerned, could scarcely have been. The first long rain-storm of the season was falling, as if to assist in the christening of the Evangeline Children's Home, announced to be opened that night. Looking back on the disappointing elements, a philanthropic view represents two good things that this very ill wind blew us.

First, although it certainly thinned the crowd, it guaranteed that everybody that had waded through the drizzling night had come because they really wanted to be present. Second, although the Home, we imagined, would look an inviting place in the day-time sunshine, yet on this particular night its light grace, and cleanliness appeared especially pleasant by contrast.

Although the fittings are of an inexpensive character, the taste with which the design has been carried out makes it a most charming environment for the eyes of forty little ones, which we understand is its present capacity. Emerging from the spacious central hall, with its reception room, office, and officers' rooms, you enter a long wide corridor—one of which the doors of one side represent the day and the other, that side of the night. The informing guidance of the whale, even down to the arrangement of the little ones, forbids the use of the stiff word "institution," and pleasantly suggests the gentler term of "home." The little hospital ward, cap-

sooth the aching of the world's sad heart. I have always felt an excess of tender sympathy for the tears that fell from the eye of suffering childhood. Happiness and goodness seem as though they should ever be the birthright of all intimacy, and that of these frail dwellers of earth so many should be cradled in sin, and nursed in the arms of sorrow, has always seemed to me to be one of the most grievous of all great wrongs.

The children's claim is a soul-stirring one, and to disregard its importunate cry is to neglect one of the most urgent duties devolving upon those who seek to bring the Kingdom of God on earth.

"They are ours—because they are Christ's. When in the midst of His arduous ministry among men, He thought it no waste expense of time and trouble to caress and bless the children. His arms still wait to be the resting-place of these little wayfarers on life's long road, and it is our privilege to lead those who have strayed, because they never knew the way, back to their own dear Refuge again."

Then we meet little ones, the flower of their innocence upon the world's blossoming. A few years, and these little, ill-clad, half-fed children will have grown to their heritage of manhood's care and sorrow. It will make all the difference to the society in which they will then be an important factor, whether they have been succoured in the hour of their early distress, and prepared by holy influences and training for their work in this world and their reward in the next.

"The outstretched hand which the Army offers to all need, has very been extended towards the children. In the darkest haunts of our cities, in the passing of the Army's Supply Ships, little ones, sought out and given help to hundreds of little lives which live, or rather droop, there amidst the shadows, and in all departments of our work, we have sought to attend their claim and meet their need. Through the agency of our children's work in this city, hundreds of these helpless little ones have been loved and cared for, and now under the more convenient auspices of the present Home, this beautiful and tender mission can but be increasingly blessed.

"I commend the Home, with the pleading baby-faces which already it encircles, to your tenderness and most generous sympathy, that together we may provide for a safe haven overlooked by the Heavenly Guardian, in which earth's destitute blossoms are tended by gentle and consecrated hands, for happy and holy blooming in time and eternity.

Yours for the comfort of the sad, and the blessing of the sorrowful,

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.



CAPTAIN CROCKER,
In Charge of Evangeline Home.

able of being isolated under necessity, was an object of special interest to the friends who inspected the pretty premises before the inaugural meeting.

In the absence of Mayor Macdonald, Alderman Urquhart presided, and expressed all sympathy and good wish for the new Home. At the close of the meeting he said, "It is a blessing to be here to-night, to listen and learn about such work. The name of the Home is very significant. Let us all become Evangelists from this meeting and tell our friends of all we have seen and heard. I am grateful for being here. I thank all who have taken part, and I thank you for the privilege of being present."

It was regretted that the Commissioner, whose name the Home bears, and whose interest in and love for little children is well-known, was on her Western tour. She sent a message to the meeting, however, which we give in full.

A Message from Miss Booth.

My Dear Friends:—

It would have given me much pleasure to have been with you to-day, at the opening of this beautiful Home for the friendless little ones for whom it has been fitted. But seeing that the many claims which make demand upon my time and attention necessitate my presence at the moment many miles away, I cannot let so special an event go by, without a word to those gathered to witness it, expressive of my very warm interest in the work which has called you together.

"As far back as I can remember, from the days when but little more than a child myself, I started to seek to

Lient-Colonel Mrs. Read, to whose superintendence the work amongst women and children owes so much, was the first speaker.

Mrs. Read's Address.

"It affords me great pleasure to greet so many old friends, and to welcome so many new ones. Since our last public gathering in connection with our Women's Social Department, a year ago, our watch-work has been 'progress.' We have been increasing our work. We have cared for over 800 girls and endeavor to redeem them, body, soul, and spirit, and bring them back to God, which is a reasonable service. This is a larger number than has been rescued in any previous year of the history of our Women's Social Work



We Give the Little Ones Some Rope.

Nil. We have entrance to almost all the public institutions. This work has changed the mind of hundreds from hostility towards, and criticism of our work, to sympathy and confidence.

A Prospective Glance.

"Now, with respect to this Home, I am delighted that we are able to make this much-needed extension. A prospective glance at the work at this moment seems natural, and perhaps a brief outline of its history may not be uninteresting. The great need of this department was the cause of its existence. My first experience in Rescue Work was in charge of a Home in this city for infirmary women. During my year I dealt with 140 victims of strong drink, women of all classes of society, from the poor woman we actually picked up from the street to the cultured member of Society, not very well-schooled either in body or soul. We attempted to prepare a new Children's Home. We turned to God, pleaded our cause with the Canadian Association, with the result that a small Home was opened. During the first three months hundreds applied.

Perhaps some question the necessity of this Home in addition to the many institutions for friendless children in our city. Our Home meets a need not covered by either the Boys', Girls', Infants', Orphans', Children's Aid, or Working Boys' Homes. In the Boys' and Girls' Homes they only receive children over 5 years old. In the Infants' Home only the babies are cared for, and the Children's Aid shelter is, I believe, a temporary shelter only. In our Home we receive little ones from 2 years of age. The children we care for are often the children of the deserted wife, sometimes little girls whose fathers are victims of Indolence, and others the children of criminals. All these lost little ones we have sought to surround with those pure and holy influences so necessary to their nurture. We have found that no matter how depraved may have been its parentage and first environment, the natural instinct of a child is towards God, and we have made it our mission to dis-



THE "EVANGELINE HOME" FOR CHILDREN, TORONTO.
Who recognizes in this graceful edifice the former barn-like barracks of Old Richmond Street Corps?

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"You have heard of Helen Keeler, the Boston girl who was born deaf, and dumb, and blind, so that she was never even of use to life. She was an absolute blank; nothing could go into that mind, because the ears and eyes were closed to the outer world. Then, by that great process which has been discovered, by which the blind see, the deaf hear, and the mute speak, the girl's soul became opened, and they began to put in little bits of knowledge, and bit by bit to educate her. But they reserved the religious instruction for Phillip Brooks. When she was 12 years old they took her to him, and he talked to her through the medium of the young girl, who had been the means of opening her senses, and who could communicate with her by the exquisitely delicate process of touch. He began to tell about God, and what He had done, and how He loves men, and what He is to us. The child listened very intelligently, and finally said, 'Mr. Brooks, I knew all of that before, but I did not know His name.' And in our children's work we are seeking to make known to the young minds the holy aspirations which they do not understand.

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Dr. Gilmour's Appreciation.

"When we hear of such work as you in the Army are doing," said Dr. Gilmour, "we who are doing so infinitely less feel that we are as entirely at your feet. I am here to-night for two reasons. First, to express my sympathy with the good work here carried on, and second, to acknowledge a debt of gratitude for the work which the Army is doing in the Central Prison. I do not know that we have any to do with results. We have to leave them with God, but we cannot but see that to train up a child in the way he should go is both ways. During my three years at the Central Prison, I have dealt personally with the hundreds of boys, and I have yet to meet the case whose downfall cannot be traced either to hereditary weakness or bad early training. I believe that the mercy of God can save the most hardened sinner, but it would be a great deal better if it did not take so much mercy to save him."

"The work that goes at the child at the earliest possible age is going to be the most successful. When I say that I don't believe in reformatories for boys, I am not condemning reformatory officials, but the system. It is preposterous to think that a boy can be improved by closing him in for a number of years with 200 or 300 boys as bad as himself. The citizens of Toronto pay \$16 or \$17 per year to educate the children where they pay \$100 to watch the criminal, and hold it not be more profitable to devote the money to rearing the children, than to guard and punish them later as criminals?" The work that the Army is doing is a soul-inspiring one, and to do such work is worth having lived for."

Staff-Instructor Archibald gave some reminiscences of his first association with the Army, and spoke of his unchanged confidence in its work. He added his testimony to the importance



COAST SCENE ON THE NORTH PACIFIC.

of getting hold of children for good while yet young.

Mr. Turk's Views.

"I have been thinking," said Rev. Mr. Turk, "of that popular expression, 'What would Jesus do?' and it occurs to me that if He were in this city now He would do very much the same work which the Army is doing, and be very much at home in this field. I believe if I had my own little life to live over again I would spend a great deal more time in trying to influence the dear children to come to the Saviour, than in trying to convert the cold-hearted sinners. I believe that every child is born in a saveable condition. Surround the bulb with the proper conditions and you will have the bloom. The salvation of the children is the great solution of the problem of society, and personally, and through any influence I may have, I shall be in hearty co-operation with this work."

Colonel Jacobs expressed his enjoyment of the meeting, which was, he said, one of the few occasions when a representative from the great churches met on a common ground, and gave some explanation as to the transformation process which had evolved this beautiful Children's Home out of Toronto's old No. 1 barracks.

The Press were well represented and gave favorable comments in some instances of considerable length. The Globe, Mail and Empire, Toronto World, and Evening Telegram all reported the meeting well.

Spokane's Greatest.

(Continued from page 9.)

building in the city was secured and was filled, even though nearly 400 people paid 25c admission. The Rev. Dr. Cool, Pastor of the Church, introduced the Commissioner in a neat, brief, but extraordinary speech. We cannot give it verbatim, but he said, in talking to the Commissioner, that she had the "fire and zeal of an Isiah, and the tenderness and sympathy of St. John," and that she had been valiant to show us how to do the work of love and mercy in which she was engaged.

Both the Spokane Chronicle and Spokanian Review devoted considerable space to the meetings, as follows:

HER THIRD LECTURE HERE.

Commissioner Eva Booth at First M.E. Church
[Spokesman Review.]

Eva Booth has completed her work for her third annual visit to Spokane. For more than an hour last evening a

crowd that took up all the available space in the First Methodist Church listened to the stories of the noble woman's struggles with poverty, degradation, and sin in the darkest slums of darkest London. The tale of trial and triumph was well told, and her hearers heard it to the elevation of the already high opinion held of the character of the work of the unselfish woman.

Rev. P. A. Cool introduced Miss Booth. She was attired in the rags with which she worked in the alleys and courts of the world's metropolis. But those who had come to see and hear her looked beyond those to the heart of the wearer, and bestowed liberal applause upon Miss Booth when she appeared for their entertainment.

The address delivered at the church last evening was much like those given in the Auditorium Sunday, in general tone. It was more interesting, however, due to a series of direct recollections of Miss Booth from her stage and mercy work. The personal touch given the rehearsal of the scenes of squalor and misery, heightened by the grace of the speaker, had the desired effect on the audience. During the relation of anecdotes of London lower life there were many times when the eyes of every listener were dimmed with tears. Miss Booth may always be sure of a cordial reception in Spokane if the events of her present visit there may be considered as evidence of personal popularity.

—♦—♦—

HELD HER AUDIENCE ALMOST BREATHLESS.

Miss Eva Booth Made a Powerful Impression on Her Hearers.

(Spokane Chronicle.)

It is seldom that a woman can hold an audience for more than two hours by talking. It is more seldom still that a woman can hold an audience of 1,500 people almost breathless until the climax of a story is reached. This is what Miss Eva Booth did last night with an audience at the First M. E. Church that filled every available seat in the house.

At her appearance, dressed in rags and playing on an accordion, there was a burst of applause from the audience. She gave a selection on her harp which was well received, and Mrs. Major Hargrave rendered a vocal solo in fine style, but it was not until Miss Booth started to speak that the people really recognized what a treat was in store.

She told of four factors which had brought success in the work. These subjects were love, sympathy, sacrifice, and action. These four together made the crowning grace which formed the cross. As Miss Booth would relate some thrilling experience the audience would scarcely breathe, and should a person dare to move he met with such frowning looks from a

hundred people at once that he would keep still. Then, after the climax, there would be a little rustle, and soon everything would again be quiet.

It is not Miss Booth's oratorical powers, nor her voice, that gave her this influence over her audience. The secret of her wonderful power is her earnestness in what she says and does. There is no person, however skeptical, who, after listening to her, is not assured that she is in earnest.

* * * * *

The finances for the week-end amounted to over \$300.

While Pearl Booth took a considerable share of the campaign, and the crowd were delighted.

Major Smeeton, Adj't. Welch, and Eugen Griffith formed the rest of the Commissioner's party.

The officers from Montana State attended the Commissioner's meeting in Butte, and returned to their corps to fight harder and do more for God than ever they have done.

Border Line Indulgences.

What is at stake is often a more important question than what are the odds. A skilful driver shuns from bringing his horses near the edge of a sheer precipice, even though the chances be ten to one against an accident. That remote possibility of a slip and sudden death is too terrible to take any chances on. So, in church-building, it were well to think more of what we are tempted to risk than how slight the margin of risk may be. The chances of harm resulting from "border-line" indulgences may, in certain temperaments and under certain conditions, be minimised, but the same stake is always risked, whether in the person himself, in his strong longing to free himself from a lifelong habit of indulgence, or by the clean-souled, sturdy young fellow of iron will and favoring "environment." That stake is personal character, and its possible loss is too awful a thing on which to take even the devil's most generous odds.

IMPORTANT !

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

Do you want advice concerning
PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCES, OR
LEGACIES?

Do you in trouble with your
CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGEES?

If so, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer. Address your letter (marked "Confidential") to Major A. Linton, 30 Campbell, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, as agreed upon, will be charged.



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Hustlers' Rendezvous.

Mag Makes a Record Run—Almost Overtakes the Famous 'Arab
Brigadier Pugmire has Designs on the Championship—
Alas, Poor Easterners!—Well Done, North
West and Pacific.

By ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION.

West Ontario Province	91
East Ontario Province	90
Central Ontario Province	84

VVV

Surely we are on the verge of revolution! I cannot but feel that now that Brigadier Pugmire has mounted his horse in deadly earnest we must be prepared for momentous happenings. Already he has downed Nigger, and is now hot on the tracks of Arab. One more foot would have, possibly, turned the fortunes of the day.

VVV

Major McMillan, as we plainly see, just managed to escape defeat this week. I do not pretend to an absolutely accurate knowledge of all the Major's manly qualities, but it seems to me I am perfectly safe in saying that he will not be easily turned down. One week may see wonders. The West Ontario folks are noted for their pluck. Still the unpleasant fact, to them at least, remains, that Mag is hot after them.

VVV

Nigger's defeat is possibly only a temporary one. Few horses have had a more chequered career than this old war steed.

VVV

Of the three Provinces Lieut. Smith is clumpin', with 219. Capt. Wilson next with 197, and Lieut. Lamb last with 114.

VVV

THE "EAST vs. WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov.	83	North-West.	53
Pacific	45		
Newfound'l'd	18		
Klondike	2		
Totals ..	83	118	

VVV

This week sees the defeat of the Eastern forces turned into a positive disaster.

VVV

There are many well-known cures for despondency, and I do not my defeated comrades down that way will need doctoring for that ailment. Let me recommend an old reliable: Take a bundle of War Crys. pray over them, then bough them in the old familiar style! This is calculated to cure a fit of blues in one application.

VVV

The North-West looks particularly active, the Pacific is coming on, Newfoundland has lots of color in its cheeks, while the Klondike folks—well, give them a chance, will you?

VVV

Bismarck, N. D., takes ten more War Crys. That is a worthy commemoration of the great man the town is named after.

VVV

What has become of all the Bismarck boomers? Possibly that accounts for the low condition of the Eastern Province. Will dear Bro. Miller please keep those boomers active?

VVV

Just think how many more boomers Newfoundland would have to its credit if all the corps besides St. John I. and II. and Tilt Cove had reported!

VVV

Thanks, comrades, for your words of appreciation on the Easter War Cry. As one of the Staff, I am delighted to know that it was so well received by all.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE	
91 Hustlers	
Lieut. Smith, London	219
Capt. Sizer, Woodstock	205
P. S. M. Bateman, Stratford	150
Sgt. Yeomans, Chatham	130
Lieut. Stickells, Berlin	127
Capt. Fyfe, Saratoga	110
Lieut. Knucke, Brantford	105
Capt. Hellman, Chatham	103

Capt. McTeecheon, Sarnia	44
Capt. Cox, Hespeler	44
Capt. Gibson, Paris	43
Sgt. Schwartz, Galt	42
Capt. Cadot Clark, St. Thomas	41
Sgt. Erd, Berlin	40
Capt. Haley, Ridgehaven	40
Sgt. Gifford, Simeon	40
Mother Cutting, Essex	40
Eva Simpson, Guelph	40
Gertie Simpson, Guelph	38
Capt. Williams, Galt	38
Capt. Hartcock, Ingersoll	37
Lieut. Crawford, Heidelberg	37
Fred Palmer, London	37
Sister Featherstone, London	37
Mother Broadbent, Kitchener	37
Lieut. Winter, Peterborough	37
Bro. Dearie, Hespeler	37
Mrs. Capt. Bowell, Blenheim	37
Capt. Wilson, Ingersoll	37
Mrs. Wright, Port Hope	37
Lieut. Yeomans, Galt	37
Mrs. Kerswell, Stratford	37
Lieut. Thompson, Sarnia	37
Capt. Copeman, Theford	37
Bra. Fleming, London	37
Capt. White, Listowel	37
Maude Staggs, Wallacetburg	37
Mrs. Anderson, Watford	37
Sgt. Mrs. McIlroy, St. Thomas	37
Capt. Burton, Peterborough	37
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	37
Lieut. Crank, Stratford	37

Sgt. Rogers, Montreal I.	45
Capt. French, Peterborough	45
Adjt. Kendall, Belleville	45
Capt. Clegg, Kemptonville	45
Capt. Mumford, Trenton	45
Sgt. Moors, Montreal I.	45
Capt. Jones, St. Johnsbury	45
Lieut. Hickmann, Penetanguishene	45
Capt. Carter, Port Hope	45
Capt. Bartch, Brockville	45
Lieut. Tilly, Brockville	45
Treas. Gillan, Renfrew	45
Ensign Stanger, Guelph	45
Lieut. Thompson, Guelph	45
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	45
Capt. Liston, Uxbridge	45
Capt. Wilson, Parry Sound	45
Capt. Brooks, Kincardine	45
Lieut. Marske, Omemee	45
Capt. Bentley, Hamilton I.	45
Sgt. Custer, Linton St.	45
Lieut. Dreamer, Linton St.	45
Lieut. Parker, Hamilton II.	45
Capt. Kivell, Parry Sound	45
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	45
Capt. Liston, Uxbridge	45
Capt. Wilson, Parry Sound	45
Capt. Brooks, Kincardine	45
Lieut. Marske, Omemee	45
Capt. Stanton, Hamilton I.	45
Lieut. Patten, Oshawa	45
Sgt. E. Howell, Ryerson	45
Sgt. Currie, Temple	45
Sgt. Goffon, Temple	45
Adjt. Smith, Dovercourt	45
Capt. Stacey, Guelph	45
S. M. Bowes, Ligonville	45
Capt. Meeks, Dovercourt	45
Mrs. Courtemanche, Kincardine	45
Capt. Dales, Ligonville	45
Adjt. Wiggin, Barrie	45
Minnie Menzies, Fenelon Falls	45
Sgt. A. Bowers, Kincardine	45
Mrs. Julian, Dovercourt	45
Mrs. Spence, Dovercourt	45
J. Matchett, Lisgar St.	45
Sister Garvie, Temple	45
Sgt. Mrs. Brailley, Temple	45
Sister Bowman, Temple	45
Sister Gilbert, Temple	45
S. M. Bradley, Temple	45
Capt. Young, Brooklin	45
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	45
Mother Curry, Hamilton II.	45
Tillie Gee, Hamilton II.	45

Sgt. Ming, St. John I.	45
Capt. G. Thompson, Guelph	45
Capt. P. S. M. Ille, Montreal I.	45
Sgt. Downey, Kingston	45
Sgt. Coggan, Kingston	45
Capt. Stainforth, Nipissing	45
Capt. S. M. Perkins, Barrie	45
Sister Robinson, Peterborough	45
Mark Spendley, Peterborough	45
Lieut. Carter, Burlington	45
Capt. Grose, Prescott	45
Capt. Yale, Deseronto	45
Sgt. Barker, Kingston	45
Sgt. Shaver, Montreal I.	45
Sgt. Thompson, Belleville	45
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Barrie	45
Lieut. Houle, Cobourg	45
Staff-Capt. Burdett, Peterborough	45
Mrs. Stone, Lajord, Galt	45
Capt. Dawson, Montreal I.	45
Lieut. Lang, Cobourg	45
Capt. Major, Campbellford	45
Lieut. Liddell, Campbellford	45
Sister Vacour, Montreal I.	45
Capt. Vanee, Boultonfield	45
Lieut. Cook, Montreal II.	45
Capt. Hinxton, Quebec	45
Capt. Bloss, Quebec	45
Sister A. Avey, Sherbrooke	45
Capt. Shuter, Renfrew	45
Sgt. Shuter, Kingston	45
Sister A. Avey, Sherbrooke	45
Capt. Carter, Port Hope	45
Sgt. Newell, Barrie	45
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Tweed	45
Sister McCorkell, Ottawa	45
Sister Logie, Mournefield	45
Sgt. Brown, Montreal I.	45
Lily White, Brockville	45
Willie Williams, Montreal I.	45
Mrs. Harrison, Peterborough	45
Bad Duggett, Trouton	45
Capt. Grinnanidge, Simsbury	45
Capt. St. John, Carleton Place	45
Lieut. Weir, Millbrook	45
Mrs. Burk, Belleville	45
J. S. S. At. Russell, Millbrook	45
Sgt. Lewis, Mount Royal	45
Sister Nellie Nicholson, Montreal I.	45
Sgt. Merchant, St. Johnsbury	45
Mrs. Eugenia Wynn, Peterborough	45
Mrs. Jewel, Peterborough	45
Sgt. Raymo, Barrie	45
Sgt. Major Shepherd, Quebec	45
Mrs. Hippner, Montreal I.	45
Bro. J. True, Belleville	45
Sister Wright, Peterborough	45

Sgt. Ming, St. John I.	45
Capt. G. Thompson, Guelph	45
Capt. P. S. M. Ille, Montreal I.	45
Sgt. Phillips, Lippincott	45
Adjt. McGregor, Newmarket	45
Capt. Capper, Richmond St.	45
Adjt. Moore, St. Catharines	45
Sgt. Pearce, Temple	45
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside	45
Lieut. Bond, Owen Sound	45
Capt. Stolliver, Riverside	45
Adjt. Goodwin, Hamilton	45
Capt. Hanna, Aurora	45
Sister Lightfoot, Hamilton	45
Sgt. Bowes, Lajord St.	45
Lieut. Christopher, North Bay	45
Capt. Culbert, North Bay	45
Capt. Neale, Brampton	45
Capt. Scrym, Orillia	45
Lieut. Groat, Orillia	45
Treas. Everley, Oshawa	45
Sgt. Stevens, St. Catharines	45
Thos. Boyer, Bracebridge	45
Mrs. Adjt. Wiggins, Barrie	45
Capt. Porter, Lippincott	45
Capt. White, Riverside	45
Sgt. Kane, St. Catharines	45
Capt. Loft, Gravenhurst	45
Capt. Greenwood, Temple	45
Capt. Powers, Huntsville	45
Capt. Stuckless, Huntsville	45
Capt. Connors, Dundas	45
Lieut. Peacock, Dundas	45
Ensign Walker, Rethond St.	45
Lieut. Price, Owen Sound	45
Capt. Tuck, Ligonier St.	45
Sgt. Bushby, Lippincott	45
Capt. Palling, Little Current	45
Lieut. Fattenden, Little Current	45

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Sgt. Kane, St. Catharines	45
Capt. Loft, Gravenhurst	45

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

Come, Holy Ghost.

Tune.—Ye banks and braes (B.J. 50).
1 Come, Holy Ghost, descend and rest,
 Within my heart come deign to dwell,
 Fill all my yearning, longing breast—
 Come, every evil far exile!—
 My heart, Thy throne, oh, now prepare,
 Come, fix Thy holy temple there.
 Let Thy abiding presence seal
 My heart, my talents, yea, my all,
 That hence the world may know and feel,
 I live obedient to Thy call.
 Fresh power I need, oh, this impart,
 With holy fire now fill my heart.

Come in, that I may hence be used
 To represent Thee here below,
 That all my life may be diffused
 With love that will in actions show
 That I am following after Thee.
 Thou loving Christ of Calvary. B. W.

Reveal Thyself.

Tune.—Begone, vain world (B.J. 191).
2 Eternal God, in Jesu's name we meet
 Around the Cross, the precious Mercy Seat;
 We only long to be made strong
 To do Thy blessed will,
 Oh, cleanse our hearts, our longing spirits ill.
 Within our hearts reveal each hidden need,
 For grace, O Lord, to please Thee, now we plead;
 Through Jesu's Blood now make us good,
 From self and sin set free,
 Oh, make us Thine in true reality!
 With motives pure, with hearts in unity,
 Our lives shall witness, blessed Lord, for Thee;
 With power endue to keep us true,
 While humbly now we wait,
 Within our hearts a love for souls create.

Bound for Glory.

Tune.—Out on the ocean (B.J. 225).
3 We are out on the ocean sailing,
 Homeward bound we swiftly glide;
 We are out on the ocean sailing,
 To our home beyond the tide.
 Chorus.
 All the storms will soon be over,
 Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
 We are out on the ocean sailing,
 To our home beyond the tide.
 Millions now are safely landed,
 Ocean on the golden shore,
 Millions more are on their journey;
 Yet there's room for millions more.
 Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
 Gently waft our vessel on;
 All on board are sweetly singing—
 Free salvation is the song.
 When we all are safely anchored,
 We will shout—our trials o'er;
 We will walk about the city,
 And we'll sing for evermore.

Praise Ye the Lord.

Tunes.—Marching to Zion (B.B. 68);
 Nay, but I yield (B.J. 30).
4 Come, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known;
 Join in the song with sweet need,
 While we surround the throne.
 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God,
 But servants of the Heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
 Soon we shall see His face,
 And never, never sin;
 There, from the rivers of His grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.
 Yet, and before we rise,
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.
 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below;

Celestial fruit on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.
 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry.
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

Heaven or Hell

Tunes. Lover of the Lord (B.J. 74);
 St. Peter's (B.J. 128); The Judgment Day (B.J. 65).
5 My thoughts on awful subjects roll—
 Damnation and the dead;
 What horrors haunt the guilty soul
 Upon a dying bed!
 Chorus.

Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
 etc.

Languishing about these mortal shores,
 She marks a long delay;
 Till, like a flood with rapid force,
 Death sweeps the wretched away.

Then, swift and dreadful, she descends
 Down to the fiery coast,
 Among abominable fiends,
 Herself for ever lost.

There endless crowds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their gloom;
 Tortured with keen despair they cry,
 You wait for fiercer pains.

Just as I am.

Tunes.—Erman (B.J. 221); Just as I am (B.J. 128); Oh, happy day (B.J. 6). (This song becomes L. M. by repeating the last two words of each verse).

6 Just as I am—without one plea,
 But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
 And that Then bidst me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am and waiting not,
 To clear my soul of one dark spot—
 To Thee, Whose Blood can cleanse each blot,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about,
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fighting within and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 You, all I need in Thee I find,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
 With welcome, pardon, cleanse, release,
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come!



LIEUT. COL. MARGETTS

will visit

Port Hope, Thursday, May 10.
 Belleville, Friday, May 11.
 Kingston, Sat. and Sun., May 12, 13.
 Ottawa, Monday and Tues., May 14, 15.
 Montreal, Wednesday, May 16, to ~~Wednesday~~
 day, May 20.
 Newport, Vt., Monday, May 21.
 St. Johnsbury, Vt., Friday, May 25.
 Barre, Vt., Sat. and Sun., May 26, 27.
 Burlington, Vt., Monday, May 28.

BRIGADIER and Mrs. GASKIN

will visit

Bowmanville, Sat., Sun. and Mon.,
 May 12, 13, 14.

MAJOR TURNER

will visit

Lisgar St., Sunday, May 6.
 Owen Sound, Thursday, May 10.
 Little Current, Saturday, May 12.
 Tuesday, May 15.
 Sudbury, Wednesday, May 16, to ~~Friday~~
 day, May 18.
 Sturgeon Falls, Sat., Sun. and Mon.,
 May 19, 20, 21.

MAJOR PICKERING

Will Visit the Following Ports:
 St. John I., Sat. and Mon., May 6, 7.
 New Glasgow, Thurs., Fri., Sat. and
 Sun., May 10, 11, 12, 13.
 Kentville, Monday, May 14.